

**ALL NEW**

**The FLINTSTONES STARRING**



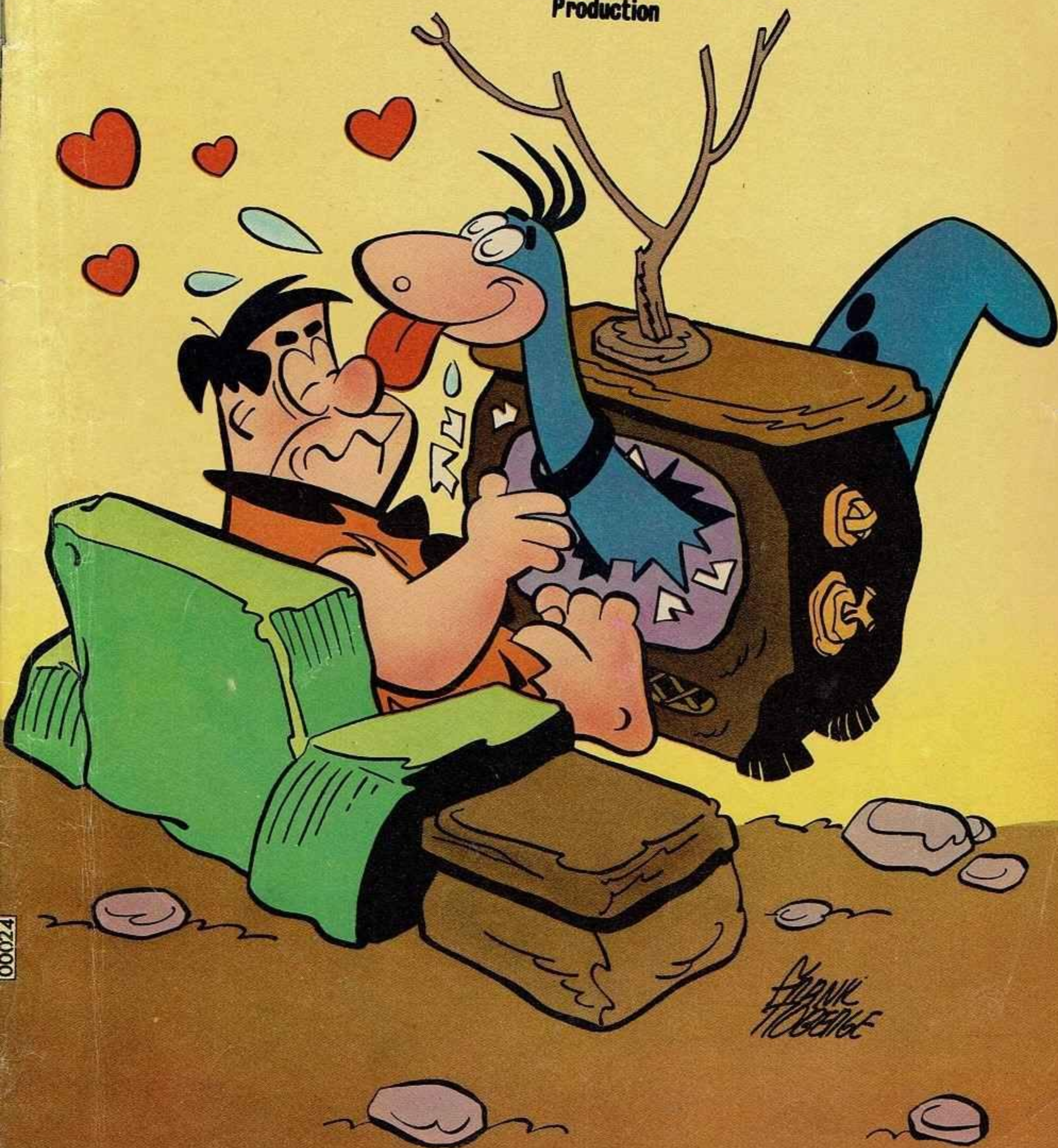
**DINO**

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production

DINO

NO. 2  
OCT.  
CDC

ONLY  
**20¢**



Frank Moore



# DINO in "DINO STRIKES BACK"



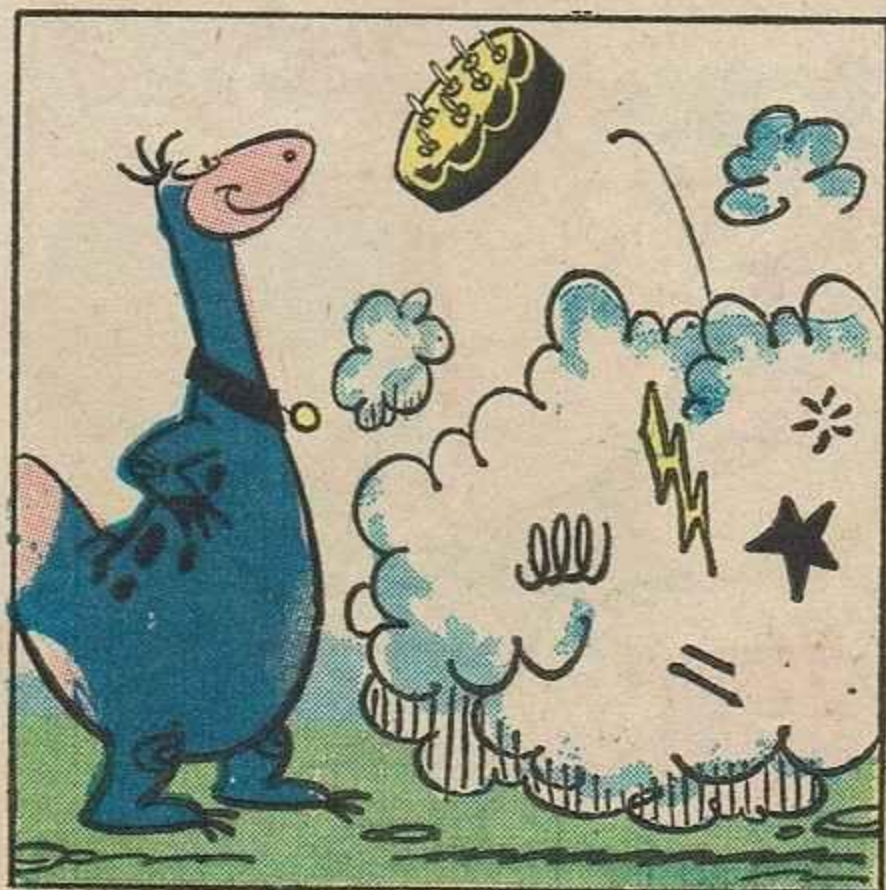
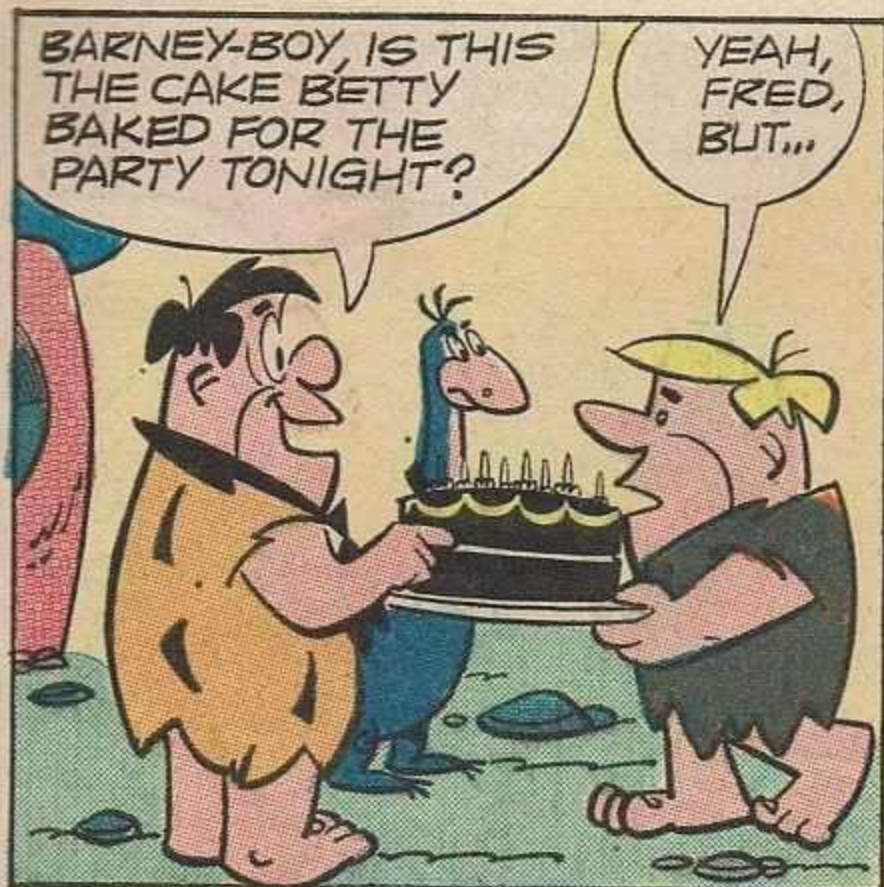
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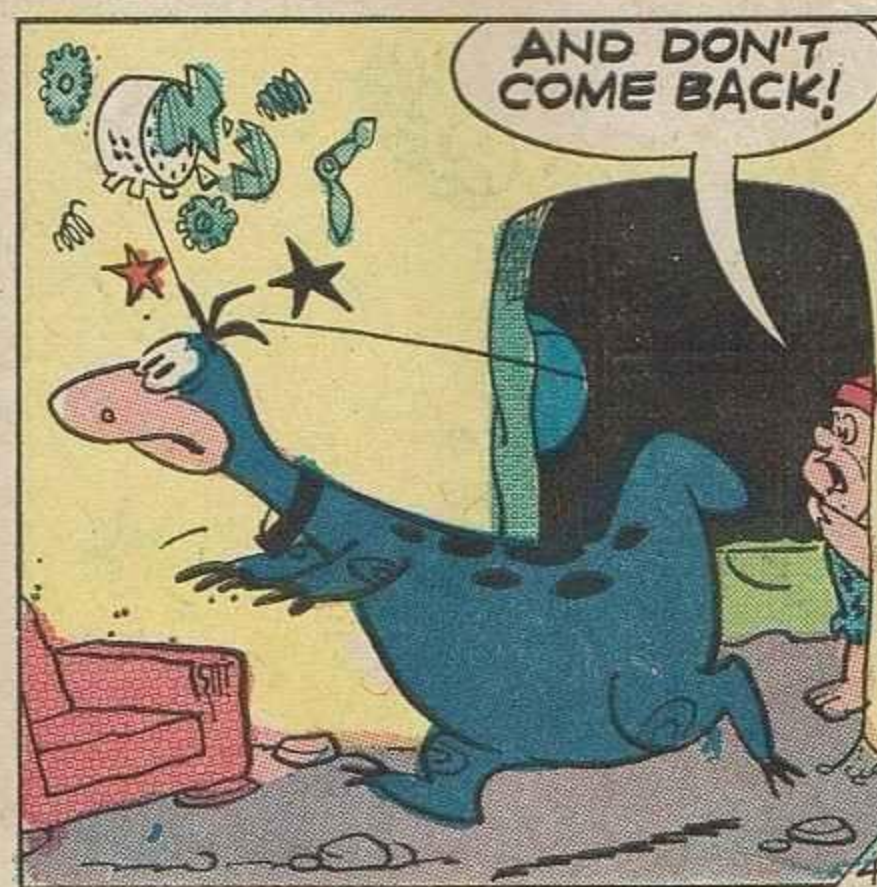












CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



CAME THE DAWN AND....LATER  
THAN THAT....

WE'RE PRETTY  
LATE, FRED... MR.  
SLATE'S GONNA  
BE MAD!

I COULDN'T  
HELP BOUNCIN'  
MY ALARM  
CLOCK OFF  
THAT STUPID  
DINO'S HEAD!



SORRY  
I'M LATE,  
MR. SLATE!

I'M DOCKING YOU AN  
HOUR'S PAY, RUBBLE!  
OH, FLINTSTONE, DON'T  
YOU WORRY ABOUT  
BEING LATE!



I'VE FOUND SOMEBODY ELSE  
WHO DOES YOUR WORK AT  
HALF YOUR SALARY!

YOU WHAT?...  
WHO, DINO?



FUN IS FUN...BUT  
IT'S TIME TO GO  
HOME!

I'LL KILL  
HIM!



ALL RIGHT, FLINTSTONE, YOU'VE  
GOT YOUR JOB BACK BUT  
REMEMBER...NEXT TIME YOU'RE  
LATE I CAN ALWAYS HIRE DINO!

GRRRR!!



FRED, HOW SWEET  
YOU NEVER LET  
DINO USE YOUR  
CHAIR BEFORE!

YEAH BUT  
THAT WAS  
BEFORE I  
FOUND OUT  
HE COULD  
TAKE MY  
JOB AT THE  
QUARRY!



END



# DINO

IN NO FOOD  
FOR FRED

MY KNIFE IS GONE!  
HOW CAN I MAKE MYSELF  
A SANDWICH IF I DON'T  
HAVE A KNIFE TO CUT  
THE MEAT?



D-5336

HERE'S MY KNIFE!  
HOW DID IT GET  
OUT HERE?



END



# DINO IN "DINO GOTTA GO!"

THIS IS THE LAST LOAD,  
FRED! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH  
GOODIES OUT THERE TO  
FEED EVERYONE IN  
BEDROCK!

YEAH! STRAWBERRY  
SHORTCAKE, HOT DOGS  
AND ROCKMELLON!



LOOK AT DINO! IF HE COULD  
GET AT THE GOODIES, THERE'D  
BE NOTHIN' LEFT FOR THE  
REST OF US!

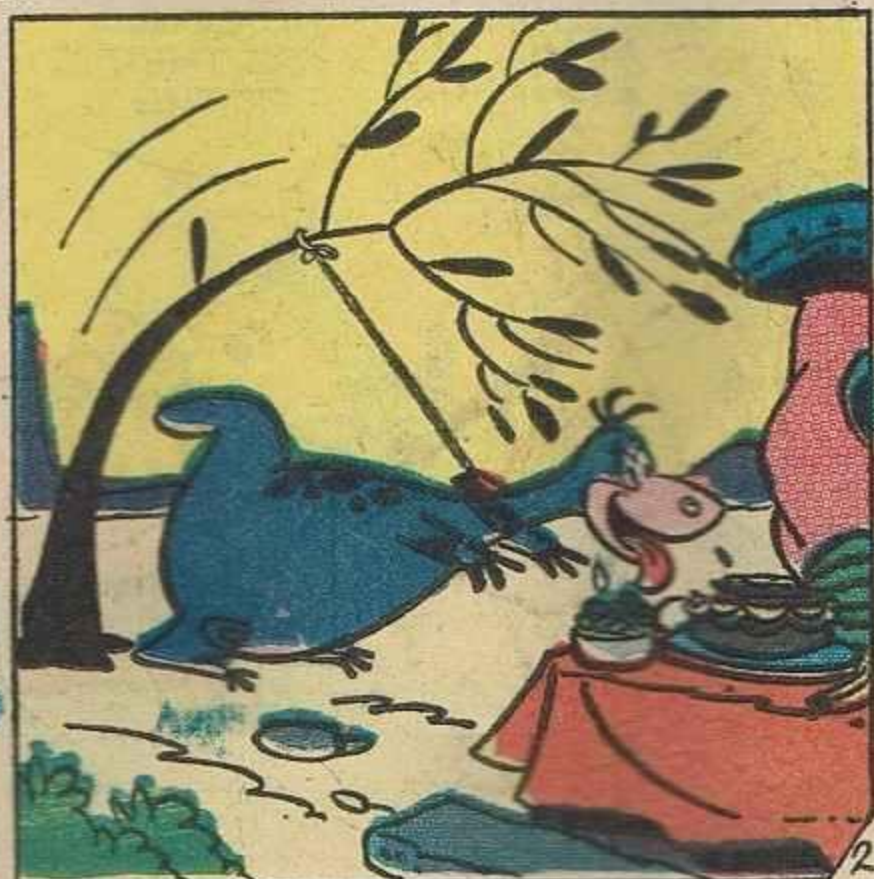


OH, FRED, AFTER YOU PUT THAT  
CAKE ON THE TABLE, GO ASK BETTY  
AND BARNEY TO COME OVER!

OKAY,  
WILMA!







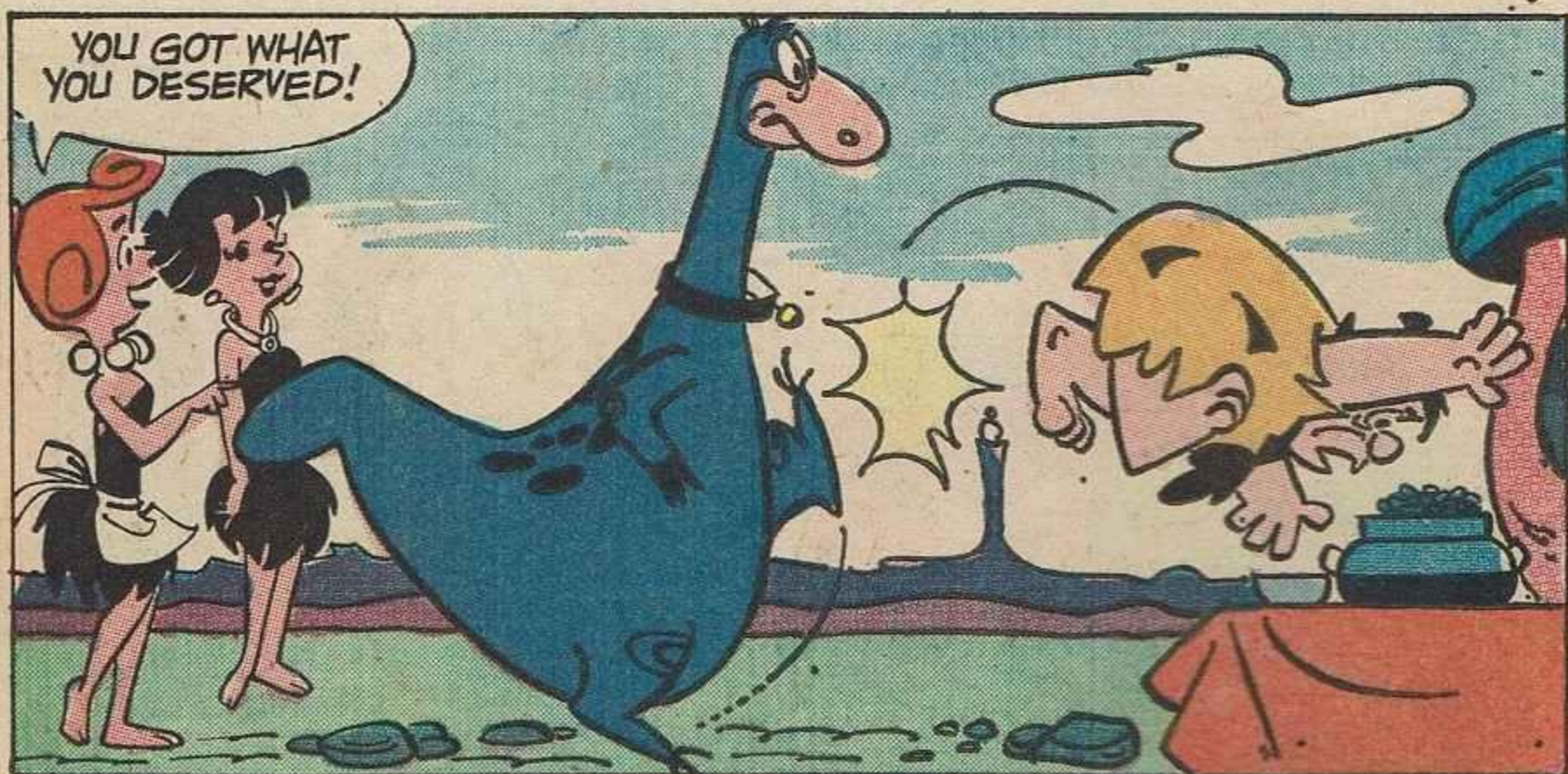








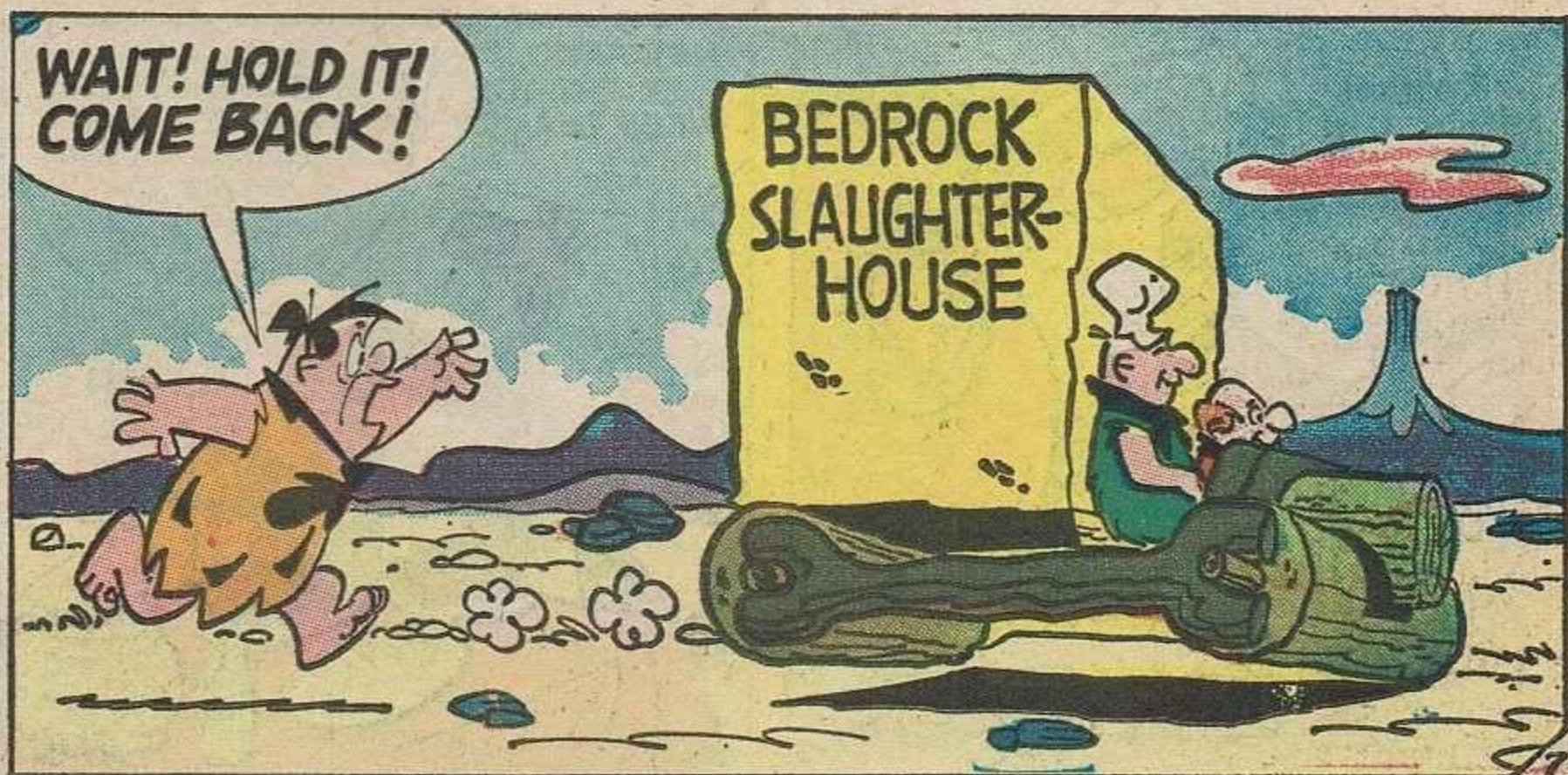




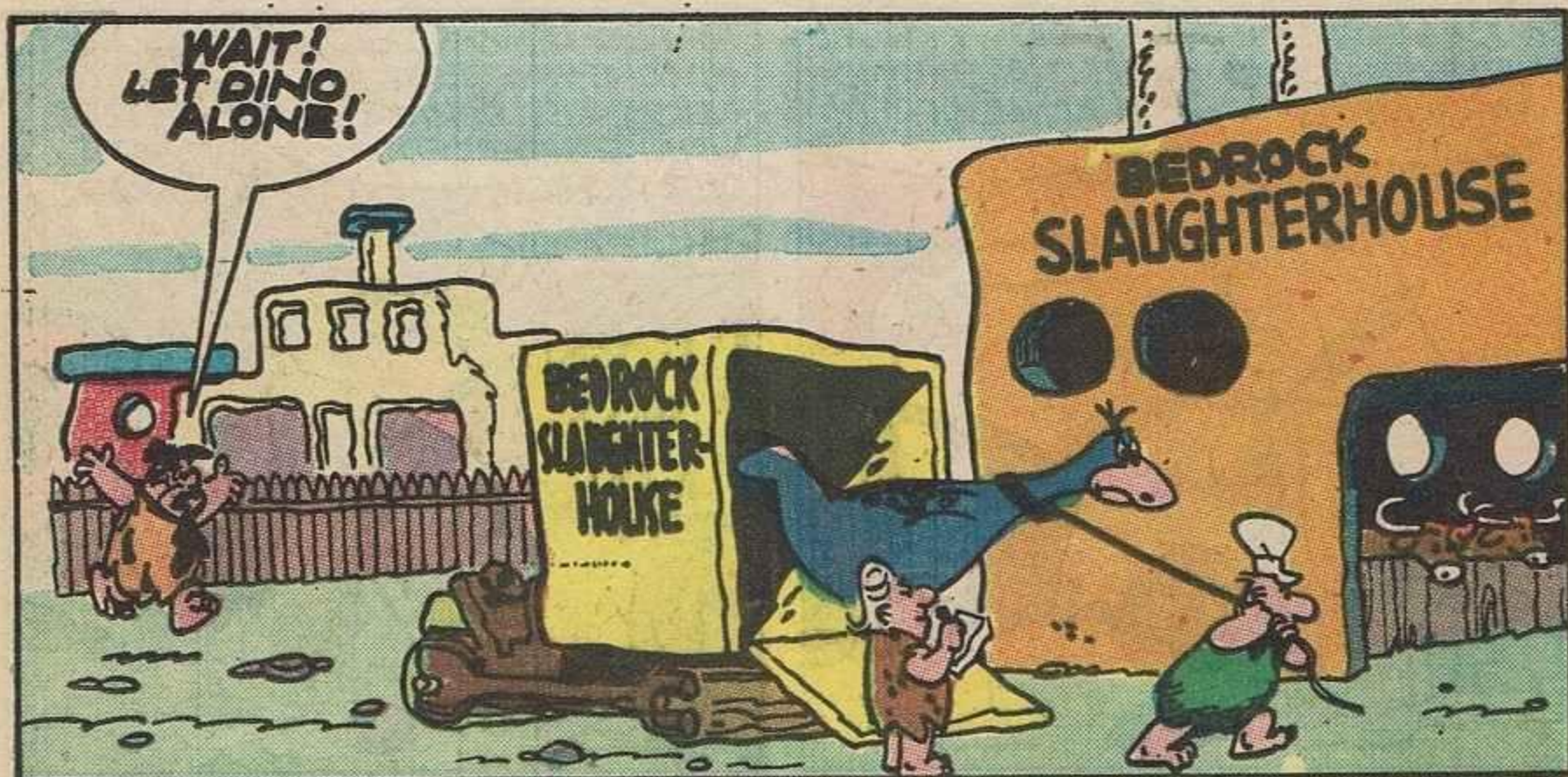








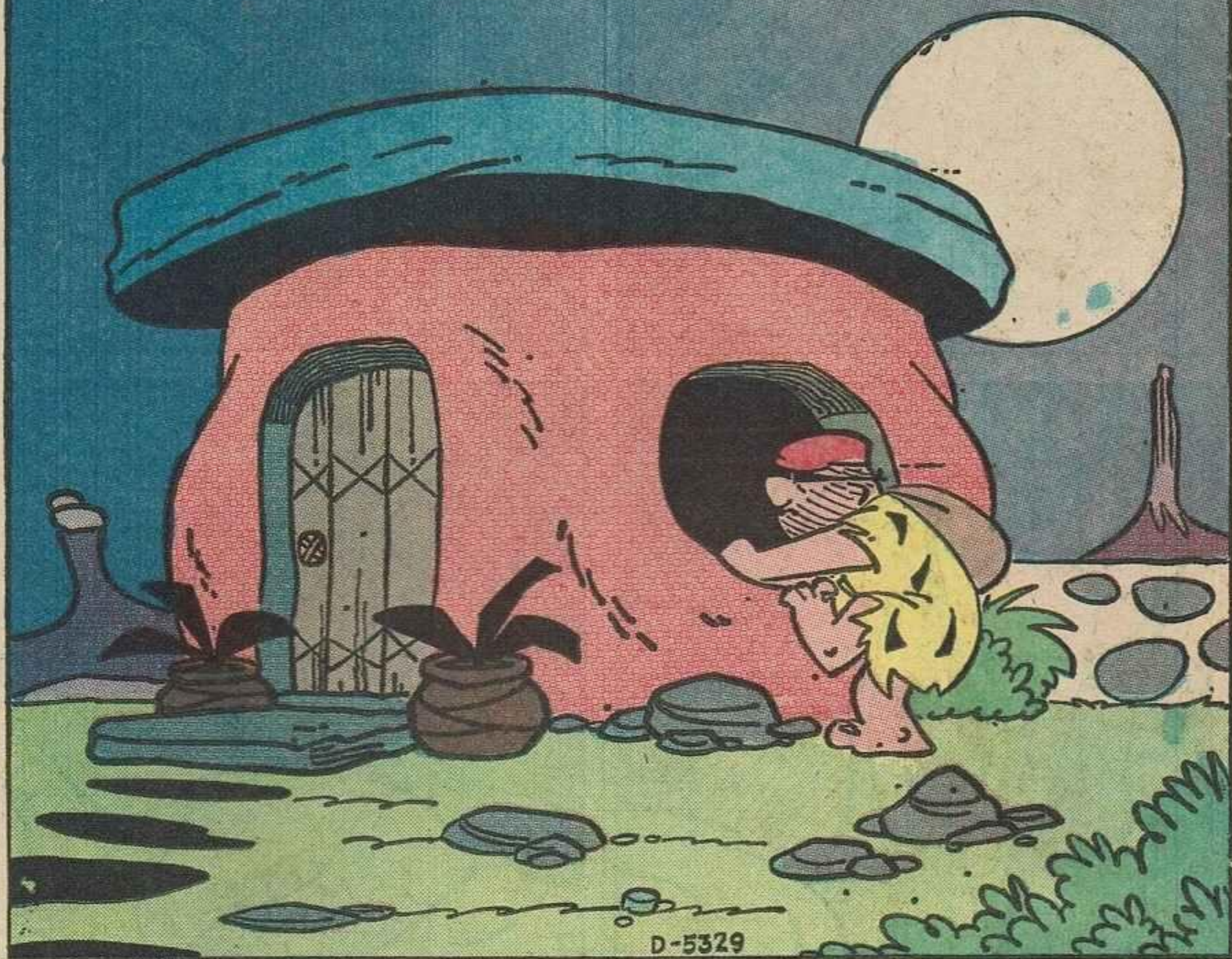






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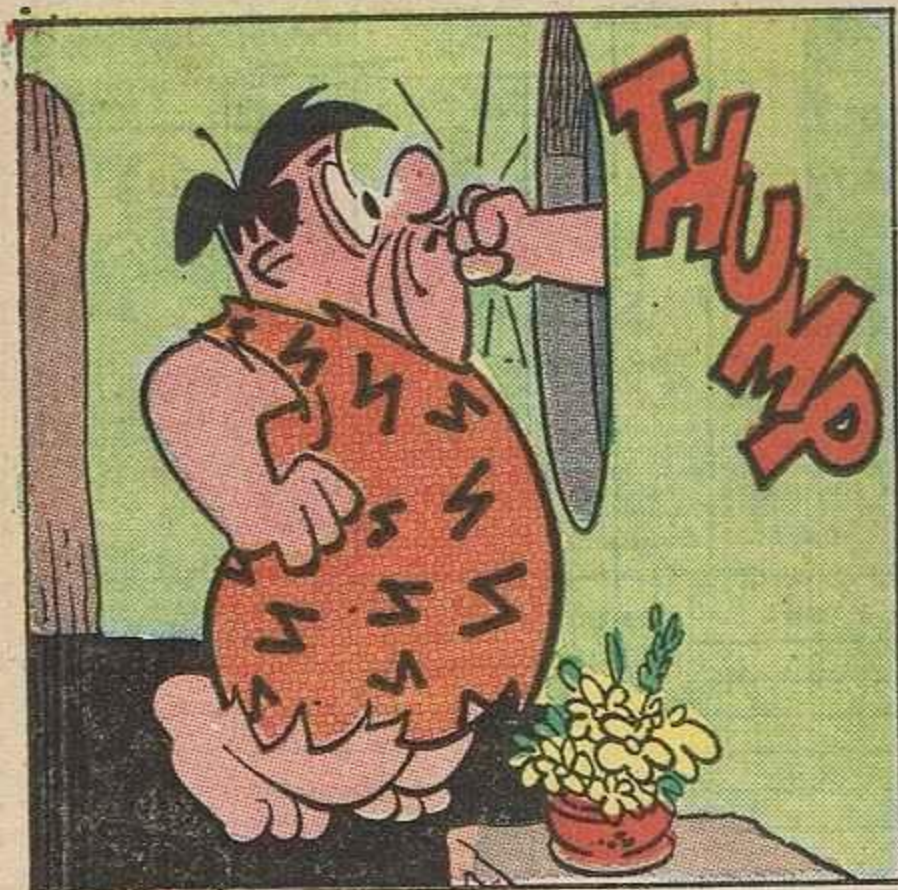
IN SIC HIM,  
DINO!











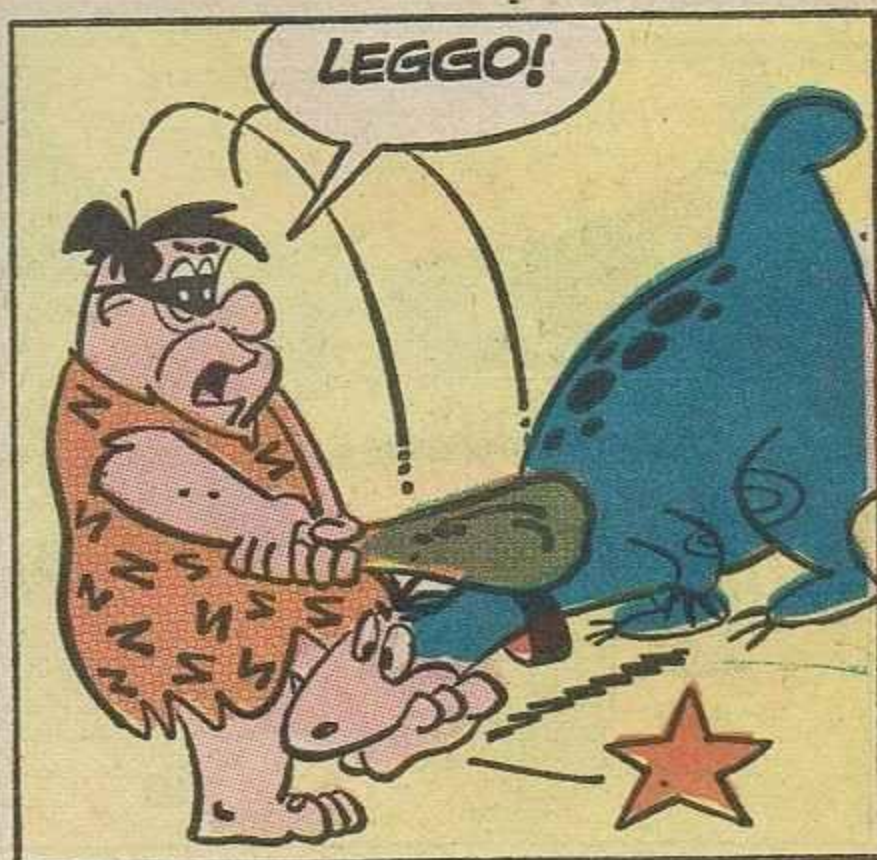
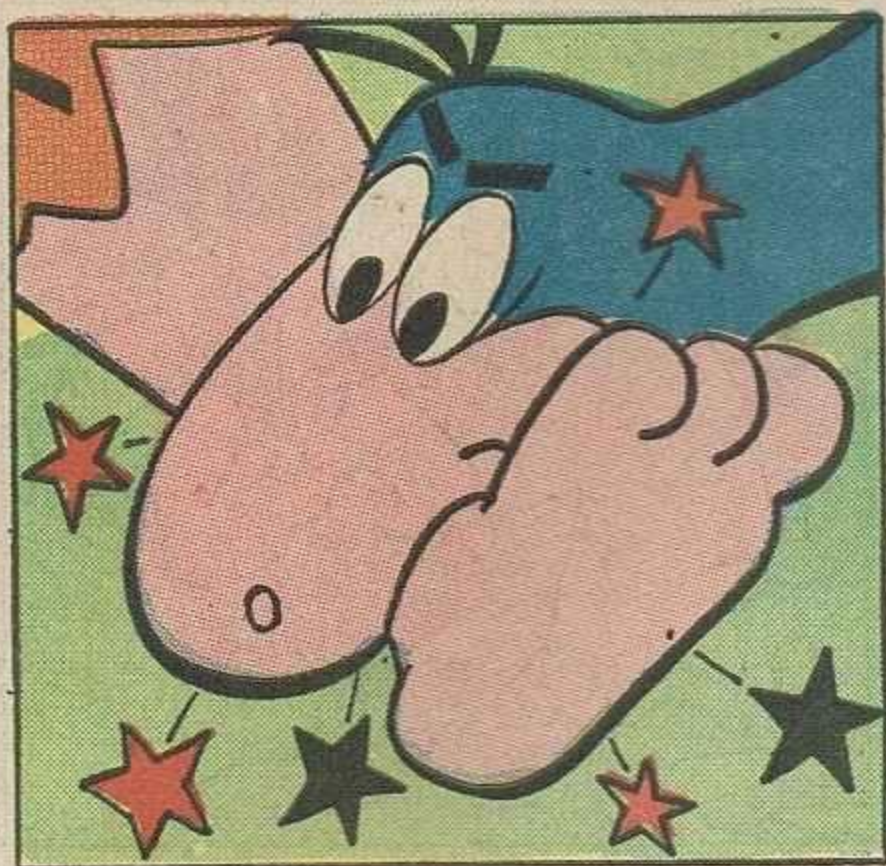
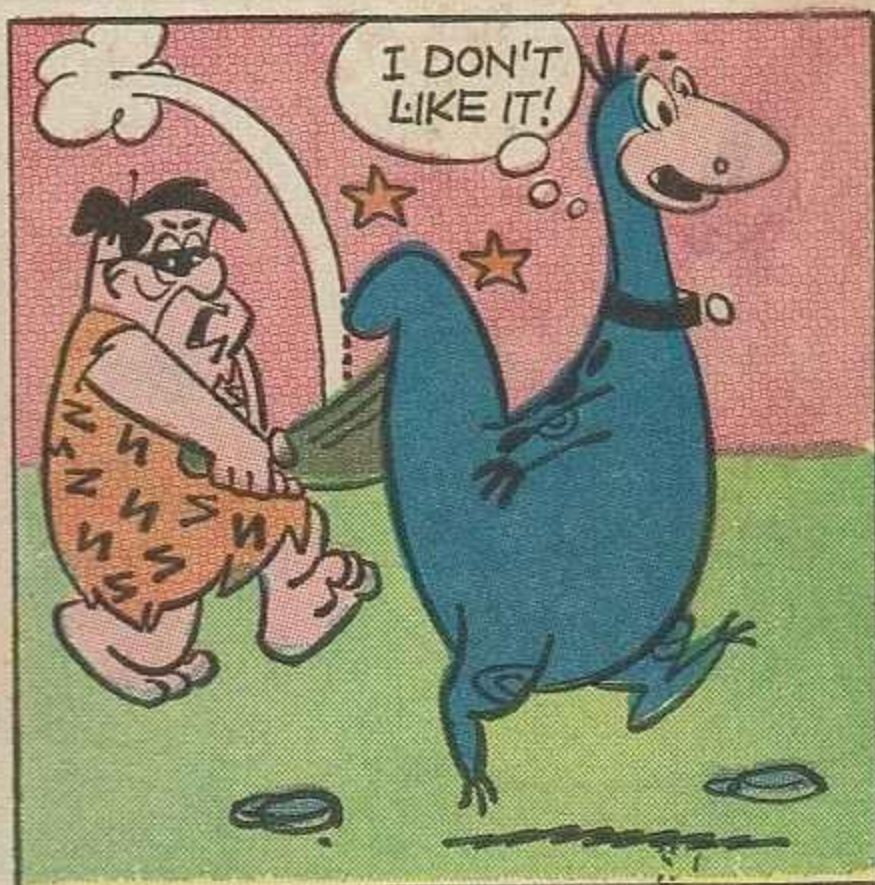




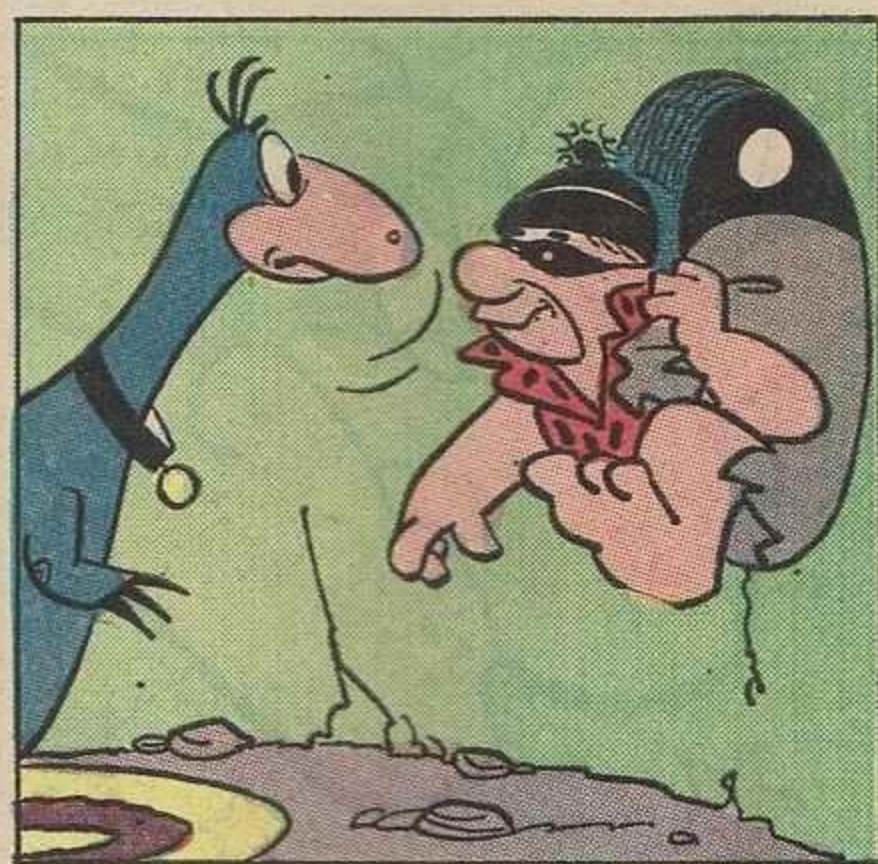


















# DINO IN

"IT MUST BE SOMETHING  
HE ATE"

GHE-ONK!  
EEZZZZZK!

PHAAALP!

TURN OVER, FRED!  
YOUR SNORING IS  
GETTING UN-  
BELIEVABLE!



END



# SHORT SNORTS

## The Sentence

This particular story comes from behind the Iron Curtain. The poet, Yashenko, had been given a very long sentence in what we call, "A Prison Labor Camp." All he had done was to write a short poem. A few lines translated into English: "We pay them a lot of money, while they get fat on honey. It is not nice to pay a big price for inefficiency."

So, there he landed in cold Siberia. In the free world, protest meetings were held to get him released so he could again write his poetry. Even his prison guards sympathized with him, but what could he do.

Each day he would ask guard Brobyasku the same question, and each day the guard would give him the same reply:

"Believe me, I wouldn't fool you. I will let you know when it is the year 2009 and you are free to leave."

## The Numbers

They say that all women, when they get older, are very sensitive about their age. In this situation, we meet the wife of the driver of a car. Another car had sideswiped him and then sped away. An officer came up to the driver.

"If you could only give me the license number of that car, I could radio ahead; and we would pick up the driver. He certainly should be punished."

"By a strange coincidence, I know the numbers," was the reply. "The four numbers on his plate are the year my wife was born."

"Forget it," said the wife. "He just made a slight dent on your already dented door."

## The Secret

"Can you really keep a secret?" asked one woman of another. "I mean that under no condition whatsoever would you reveal what I am going to say to you."

"I swear it," replied the second woman. "I will never repeat what you say to me. I shall be deaf and dumb. Is that o.k. with you?"

"Fine with me," smiled the first woman. "Lend me ten dollars until Tuesday."

"Don't worry about your secret," was the reply. "I haven't heard a word you said."

## Puppy's Pitch

"I wanna puppy for my birthday," pleaded little Louis. "Remember? You said that if I ate up all the cereal at breakfast, you would get me a puppy. So, I wanna puppy."

"You did make that promise," reminded mother. "So, be a good father and get Louis that puppy."

Father went to the phone book and found the phone number of Peter's Puppy Place. Then, he dialed it.

"I want a puppy that is very friendly; and of course, must be very clean. The puppy should be intelligent and willing to learn. He will be the companion of my six year old son."

"Just have what you want," said the voice at the other end. "Only one left. Better take him. Price is \$56."

"Am I speaking to the owner of the store?" questioned father.

"No," was the startling reply. "You are speaking to the puppy."

## Quiet, Please

I was assigned to study hall duty every Wednesday in our high school. Fifth period was for our freshman class. I noticed the boy in the fifth row speaking to his neighbor at the top of his voice. This was prohibited by order of our principal. So, I walked over to him and signaled to him to come to me, which he did.

"You have to be very quiet here in the study hall," I told him. "The students around you can't even read at all."

There was a look of astonishment on his face. Then, he almost floored me with his reply.

"If they can't read, then why are they in this high school?"

## The Blessing

There was something about John Whitmore that was very hard to explain. All you could say was that he was a certain kind of a man. Perhaps this incident will make it clear what I have in mind about him.

He was walking along the street when a beggar came up to him.

"Please, mister, can you spare a dime for a cup of coffee?"

"Where can you get a cup of coffee for a dime today?" questioned John Whitmore. "Tell me, and you can have the dime."

"At Joe's diner around the corner," was the reply.

"Now, mister, can I have that dime?"

Rather grudgingly, the man put his hand into his pocket; took out the coin, and gave it to the beggar.

"Bless you," said the receiver of the coin. "May the Heavens repay you tenfold."

"What kind of a blessing is that?" snapped back an angry John Whitmore. "All I can get is just one dollar for this deed."